

sniff sniff Well, I guess this is my last issue as editor of ie. I have had a super groovy time as editor this year mostly due to a few very special people: ~~Jess~~ and ~~Laura~~ (you guys are the best) ~~Mike~~ (aka Lounging boy), ~~Daniel~~ (the blasphemous one), Ludic ~~Laura~~, ~~Dave~~ and his sax, ~~Matt~~, ~~Conor~~, ~~Ben~~, ~~Jill~~, ~~Kaeley~~, ~~Nick~~, ~~Quinn~~, ~~Buckmaster~~, and the ~~Kone~~ Man. Also thanks to all those who submitted anonymously. I also would like to apologize for not getting out more issues this year (this is only our third), but, well, see, the problem is we sort of all became friends... and as I'm sure you all know from the enjoyable hours you've spent in someone's kitchen with an open math book it is nearly impossible to do work/study math with your friends. Almost all our meetings since January dissolved into all of us sitting around in the secret ie hideout (we really do have one!), eating, listening to music, and talking about doing work- which is also what takes place when I try to study math, which probably accounts for my poor grade in Calculus. But never mind. It's been really great being editor this year, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

IEIEIEIEIEIEIEIEIEIEIE



-Jm-

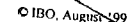
Diagram of a typical IE meeting in the super-secret IE hideout! FUN FUN FUN!

Summer submissions are welcome at iebox@bigfoot.com

Summer submissions are welcome
at iebox@bigfoot.com

Diagram of a typical IE meeting in the super-secret IE hideout! FUN FUN FUN!

What is the significance of the title of a work? Using your answer on previous question, discuss the role and importance of the title and how it relates to the work itself.



IB TESTING MAN

Lascivious Pictography in the Style of Amerigo Vespucci c.1534



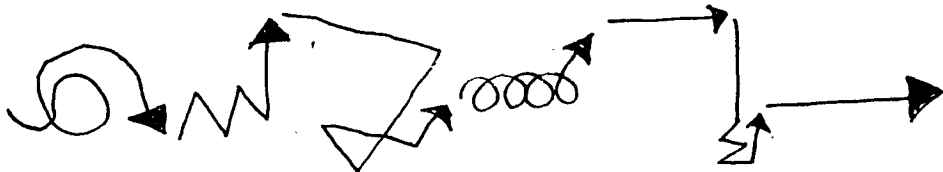
I demand
..... satisfaction!

Oh! Thou hast
thine gloves
remooovethe!



The Anteuupper

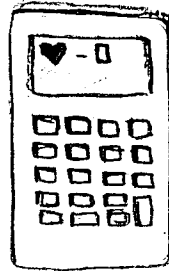
Hey Kids! Can you correctly identify the 12 Bob
Dylan song titles on the next page? I know you can...!



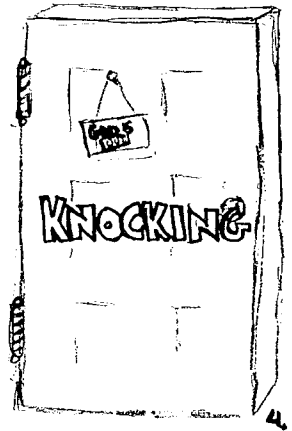
BOB DYLAN

- ILLUSTRATED -

by clever
Pseudonym
(i.e. w. c. m. n. e. s. e.)



DAYS
DAYS
DAYS
DAYS
DAYS
DAYS
DAYS



WIND
B L O W I N G

PRIDE
SITTIN'

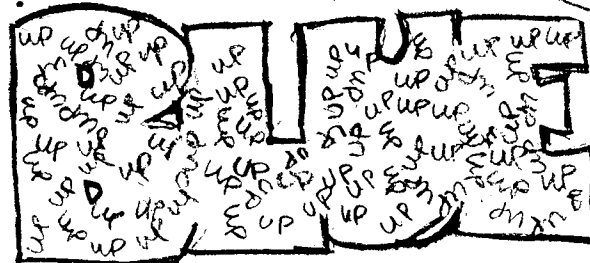


THE
MAN
M

EVERYTHING

SONG

AGAIN



(Answers on
Back Page)

Can there be
deep thought
in the
Deep South?

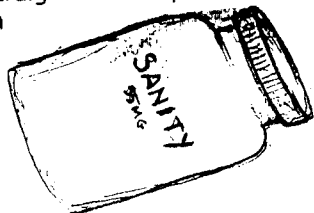
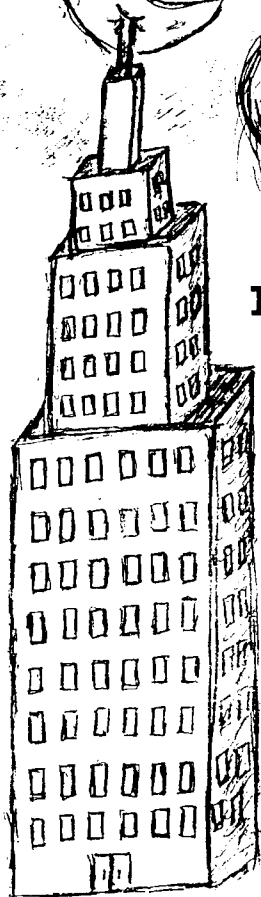
(We think so.)



IE PRESENTS:

Pictionary Words From Hell

- photon
- inertia
- thing
- President Taft
- expectations
- acrylics
- political
- rationalize
- philosophy
- α -D- glucose (straight chain representation)
- chrysanthemum
- id
- tacit
- faith
- graft
- conjugate
- palladium
- sublimate
- man handle
- bling-bling
- neologism



The Thousand Daily Deaths of Magic

From a distance it's easy to mistake it for the sky. Light blue at ground level blending upwards through a number of bands towards dark blue, which itself blends into a rosy-lavender band that stretches upwards towards a pale yellow-orange, then dishwater gray. The only thing bright, sharp, clear in this blur of color is the moon, whose shining splotchy white stands out above all other things.

You would expect it to recede into the distance-an elusive mirage, like any horizon-but as you draw nearer, it beckons you, saying, "Come experience me. I am not afraid; I shall not flee." And you begin to question. What sort of phenomenon is this? All visible civilization-the neighborhoods and buildings whose lights are just beginning to flicker on like sleepy fireflies-stops. Abruptly. As the blue begins. Thoughts that have no place in an age of science and "advanced knowledge," as they say, begin to flutter through your mind. *Is this*, you ask yourself, *the end of the world?* As soon as it is thought you begin to rebuke yourself. What a stupid question-everyone knows that the earth has no end. But then you wonder if you could have helped if. If the thought came, maybe, from some subconscious corner of your mind where magic still thrives in spite of your rigorous "academic" education. You're enamored wit hit-mystified and in awe. You look around to see who else is watching. How could anyone afford to miss a sight like this? You realize, with a start, that only children (of your age and much younger) are gazing out the window of the plane. The adults are all too busy to notice. They read, listen to music, stare at the ceiling. *What dull life*, you think to yourself. *May I never grow too old to stop noticing these things!*

But the magic cannot endure. Not for you, after eleven years in an educational system designed to rid one's mind of nonsense such as magic and replace it and other childish thoughts with scientific reason. Your intellect sentences the magic to death, and acts to immediately carry out the punishment.

"Dad, what's that blue thing out there?" you ask the adult next to you who reads a book in a distracted, disinterested manner.

"Oh," he says. "That's Lake Michigan." And he returns to his book.

A logical answer from an adult indoctrinated into the ways of logic. Well, that's settled. You glance out the window and gaze at the blue. Yeah, it does look like a lake. How silly for you to have ever thought otherwise. But somewhere deep inside you, in a tiny voice no more than a whisper, the question is asked again. "What if it *was* the end of the earth?" The adults sure would have been surprised.

~Nary A Quince

88 Lines About 44 IB Students

(To the tune of "88 Lines about 44 Women")

mmmmmm m m m m mmmmm m mmmmm

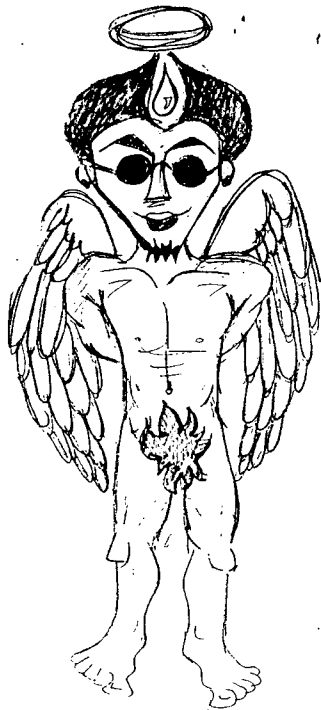
Matthew was a stumblebum
whose bird of preference was the hawk
Quinn was quite a polyglot
who never found her matching sock
Ian liked dichotomy
and found his peace within the weed
Daniel had his ups and downs
rebelled against the Catholic creed

André on the other hand
was devout as he could be
Ben submitted stuff to us
yet he remains a mystery
Antonio was hella smart
really good at knowledge bowling
Tifané was lots of fun
she was always rock and rolling

Dave, our friend, was none too subtle
but we loved him anyway
Joanna was a drama queen
she rocked the house in every play
Angie was the evil twin
or perhaps that could be Sarah
Nick was in the Italian Mob
he ate lots of marinara

Adam was the kind of guy
who turned a puppet to a friend
Brian was republican
and argued issues to the end
Eli had a thing for twins
and was queen of Prom-O-Rama
Bad ass Thu had a 4.0
but she was still one hot mama

Yvonne was star of the junior class
but she was never one to flaunt it
Conor was an archetype
king of existential shit
X-tine wrote cool poetry
and all knew of her love for turtles
Ellie was a running fool
her track event of choice was hurdles



Kate was great at everything
lacking in a single flaw
Amanda had a rebel air
walked and talked like she broke the law
Dorian was awful hot
but he wasn't here to stay
Michael was obsessed with cars
speed limits he did not obey

oh no, not Mike



Joe lived miles and miles away
far enough that god was near
Eric Carlson was so hot
he brought the sophomore girls to tears
Kevin was the silly one
light at heart with a big grin
Nick Rauh was just too damn weird
we've no idea where to begin

Phuong was known to kick some ass
she really liked to 'chase' the boys
Adam Lerman liked the crowd
but wasn't one to make much noise
Kaely gave us faith in people
and had fantastic hair to boot
Kristin played a bitchin' horn
parties with her were a hoot

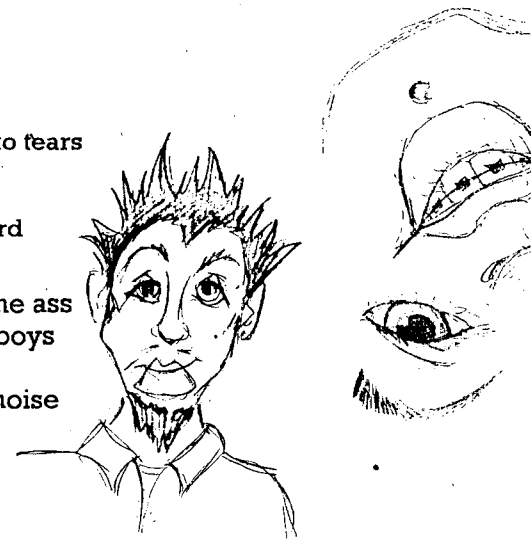
Laura was a little spit fire
with a dream to be a star
Will was quite a musician
one day it will take him far
Meagan, our friend to the max
finger dance was her specialty
Kim was queen of scholarships
and our god of chemistry

Jen's mind danced while she sat still
she befriended all us Yanks
Cowboy Chris drove a Volvo and
from Vashon washed up on our banks
Jill was vicious in the pool
but on land was really sweet
Laura practiced politics
her house was where we liked to meet

Reid the man drove a big blue van
through lights the color of his hair*
Jess' crazy sense of style
resulted in artistic flair
Ellen was a modern marvel
her bowling talent made some pissed
Buckmaster, here's a kiss,
we choose you to end this list.

* Reid: This occurrence could potentially be due to the hemoglobin in his blood delivering an insufficient amount of oxygen to his cerebral cortex. The aforementioned phenomenon is most likely the result of an overabundance of gaseous hydrocarbons in the interior of his vehicle.

or in layman's terms, "He was wacked out on gas fumes man."





The Day I Scared My Shadow

By Mama Crass

What is the purpose of having a sweet, but naive middle school student follow you around for a day? Why to expose them to the life of a real high school student of course! Maybe they should have investigated mine more closely before they placed such a delicate young mind in my hands.

Second period: Met up with friend and her new German exchange student. Indirectly told her that the rumor was that her friend was neither attractive, nor spoke English very well. Was later told this was rude, but honestly don't think she gave a damn or understood a word. Also asked if she had seen the German films "Bandits" or "Run Lola Run". She said she had not. WHAT THE FUCK? ALL I KNOW ABOUT GERMANY I'VE LEARNED FROM THOSE MOVIES! There go my conversation topics for the next five weeks. Shadow looks on wide-eyed.

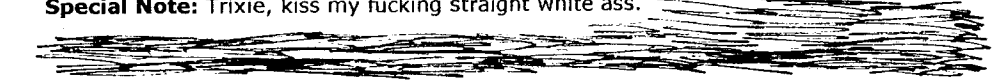
Fourth period: Explained to shadow that the group consisting exclusively of boys that approximate themselves near our persons at lunch (it's quite a phenomena that they manage to track us down wherever we happen to locate ourselves) speculate that our entire group of fifteen-or-so females are lesbians, and that the two males we allow among us are the luckiest guys in the world. Apparent justification is that we do not date, and therefore simply MUST be lesbians. Supporting evidence coincides: we, a) either ignore them or tell them they're ignorant assholes (I mean REALLY who could ignore such fine, hormonally challenged catches?); and b) seem to enjoy our female-male ratio and do not recruit new male members into our social circle. Could we BE any bigger lesbians? The fact that their group consists EXCLUSIVELY of single members of the same sex is over-looked. Apparently orgies of gay men don't make as interesting a lunch topic. Shadow politely declines to comment.

Lunch: In mockery of the homosexual speculation that has surrounded our social circle, my equally exuberant female friends and I chose to host a lesbian award/survey-type event. Just for shits and giggles, we invited those people inside and surrounding our lunch-circle (including a particular group previously mentioned) to partake in answering a survey question: "If you were a lesbian, who would you date?" Following this question was a list of those females in our lunch group. After voting was complete, perhaps my most exuberant female 'companion' tallied the votes orally. Though the competition was stiff (one vote for an inanimate object, a vote a piece for the males amongst our group, as well as one for a member of the faculty), I was declared the winner with an overwhelming 8 votes. An acceptance speech and coronation complete with a paper crown ensued. An exclamation from the crowd completed the moment: "OH, I thought we were supposed to vote for who we THOUGHT was the lesbian." Shadow asks to be pointed to the direction of the bathroom.


Fifth period: After explaining the situation to a group completely outside of those I shared the past lunch event with (with the exception of one), one male states, "Well, you do have the bushy-eyebrowed, mean, feminist look going for you." Mission accomplished. That statement was so accurate that any hopes of concealing my identity through this raving piece of trash have been thrown away. After moving on to a new subject, I stated that due to the fact that a close friend of mine also has the same name as I do, I'm often pigeonholed as the 'Short One' or 'Brunette One'. This issue was cleared up for me when one of the male members of the group previously mentioned deadpanned, "No, they just call you guys 'Lara' and 'Lesbo Lara'". Shadow looks at me with pity, asks if she can go home yet.

After School: Wait for Shadow's ride with her in the parking lot. Issue damage control for the day's events by telling her that there are many social groups you can associate yourself with. Shadow abandons me as I tell my white male friend that he's simply not cultural enough to join Chinese club.

Special Note: Trixie, kiss my fucking straight white ass.



You believe that you alone hold the monopoly on bitterness? No. You need only search my soul to discover that. But why do you, the world, insist on tormenting me thus? I'm thrown into fevers and deliriums that ring my soul for any last trace. I come up empty and gasping. Oh sweet rains of heaven once again fill my cup so that I may have tears to shed for the ones who need me. So that I might quench their thirst. But that the world would come to you on its own I feel at the end of each day, and for some days there is no end. Yet on I press. But why? For you. You are the answer to it all. And now you say that you do not need me, that you spurn my cup. But do you not understand? It's too late. You only speak because I've given you water to moisten your throat. Or perhaps it's because you drink my blood...





It's Like, Poetry, man...

'Tis the season (haiku?)

A Honda radiator-aided morning commute:
Stoplights hung with care
Frosty sunlight glazed-dazzling on a coffee cup's rim,
And an unkempt beard to spare
Santa commutes to work along bustling busy streets
Squinting through profuse, wispy hair.

The Power Is Mine

Ode to the tail-lights of early morning and late evening rush-hour:

Do you have the power
do you have the power to call me
or is the power mine.

First the dizziness, then the blackness, then I find myself in your time;
maybe it is also my time.

You call me to save you,
and I do,

for me and my family's sake as much as for yours.
When you hurt, you hurt me,

say it is my fault
say I am to blame
say I must pay

and I do pay. I pay with the skin on my back,
and the heart in my chest,
and even with my left arm,
but I will have your life for this.

It is not what I want,

but in this time, as you have all too clearly shown,
I don't often get what I want.

And so I say "good bye" to this hell time forever,
and to my kindred spirit who you have taken away from me forever.

So-Cry-The-Cotton

Ah red tail lights
Swim your myriad ways;
Swim through inky nights,
Languish though dullish days.

Oh, inky blackness,
Why do you insist?
Why do you droop to kiss
My driver's simple wrist?

Eee, watch that twisting wrist!
That twisting metal,
That grimacing miss!
Later: the playful hue of fixative acetyl
Remakes the morning mellow.

AN ODE TO SOMETHING, PERHAPS

Clear Redstone! sexy male muse
I am standing here screaming- please, don't mind me.

I am Mary Magdalene preaching to the cause of women's liberation,
I am exactly what I see in the mirror.

I am

A little black dress
Long legs and high heels
And shocking pink lipstick

I am the proverbial slut.

I am America's ex-lover,

Although we still get together for pity sex sometimes.

I am still waiting for the ability to look back on this and laugh.

I am Michael Dukakis standing in an army tank,

And I get the distinct impression that I have lost.

I am not put out by this.

I am the world's beloved sparkle princess,
Even though I'm the only one who knows it.

I am the cover girl for the Wall Street Journal.

I am selling my soul for a very reasonable price,
But nobody's buying.

I am looking forward to the sex and drugs in heaven.

I am as moral as the day is long,

But the days are pretty short around here.

I am not going to fucking smile for you,

I prefer to buy my deliverance wholesale.

Please go on, I'm not listening.

Be Gone

yeah
I know
you know
well maybe
I don't know
like
eally
o umm
eah
sure
I don't know
robably
guess so
ou'd think
mm
lost likely
ou think

oh my god
I don't know
dido
me too
I as well
nope
yup
so what
what the
hell
I don't know
as a matter of fact
well
actually
so what
and
um
I think

might as well
why not
why the hell not
almost
not quite
because
all the time
if you want
okay
no, go ahead
sure thing
soon
just a sec
wait up
uh huh
dude
in a sec
possibly right
proof be gone

~Head Down

Darkness' Martyr

I've seen you laughing
in your pit of despair.
I thought all was lost-
fallen into darkness.
How now so bright?

Sit and tell all the pain.
All the sordid detail of sorrow.
I say, you'll see the sun rise tomorrow
and you will smile.
You must.

You want the world
to prove it hates you.
One final move of your
piece in Fortune's game.

You want the final fall
to leave you as low as you can ever be.
But in that void,
you will only see
that *nothing* will stock you in the dark,
not even sunlight on morning's face.

Silent

I guess I'm still here,

I guess I'm still breathing, but with
no feeling. Why can't you tell?

I try to show it, but you take
no notice, none at all.

This loss has hidden my smile,
and yet, still no acknowledgment.

I want you to talk to me- yes, you.

I know you will say it's all right
but you do not know this feeling

like I do. Please look closely,
and you can tell. I need you
to understand me. Ever since, I've been different
but you've remained consistent. Now,
turn your head towards me and look deeper.

Say something; I need you.

Please comfort. Thank you.

Bennjo the 1st from Venice

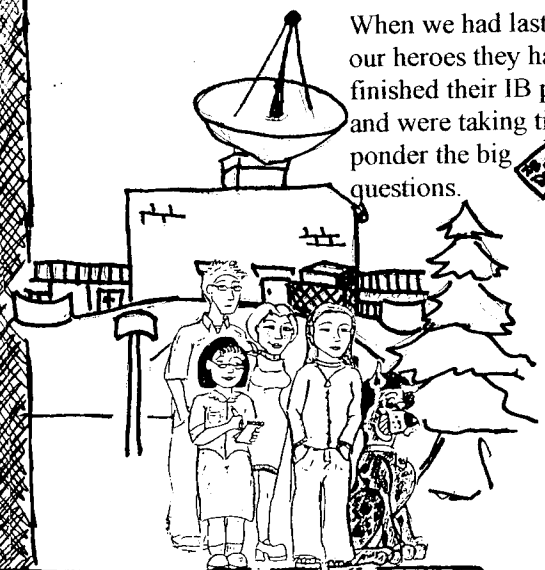


SCOOBY-DOO

AND THE CASE OF THE MISSING MOTIVATION

When we had last left our heroes they had finished their IB papers and were taking time to ponder the big questions.

When out of the blue they spot a beloved last-year senior.



Hey Suckas! I just picked up my IB Diploma. Gonna go burn it. See ya.

This odd behavior puzzles our heroes.

Good thing I didn't try! What! I skipped bible study for my EE! I'm going to hell!



There must be some way to discover the veracity of this claim.

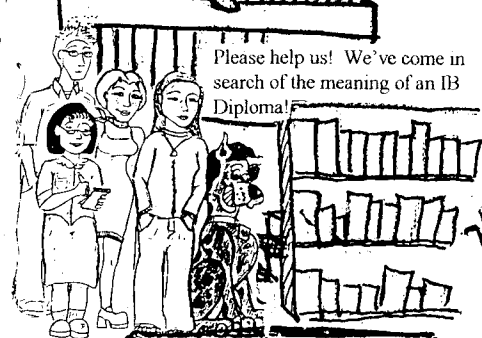
That figures. Life sucks. *sigh*
Whhahahahamuha



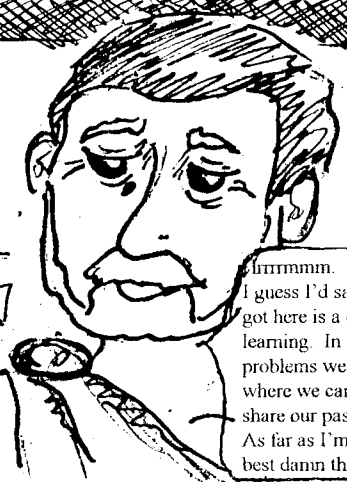
Hey guys, I have a plan. We should get to the bottom of this mystery once and for all and discover the true value of an IB diploma.

So our heroes decided to search for clues in the realm of IB-dom (Foss High) in hopes of finding the answer to this myster

Not knowing where to begin, they find themselves in a strange sunken crater.



Please help us! We've come in search of the meaning of an IB Diploma!

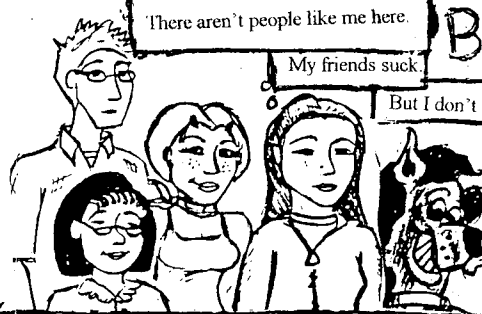


Urrmmmm. *chin tugging* Well, I guess I'd say that what we've got here is a community for learning. In the midst of all these problems we've created an oasis where we can share ideas and share our passion for knowledge. As far as I'm concerned that's the best damn thing about IB.

There aren't people like me here.

My friends suck

But I don't have any friends



BUT THEN...

Our heroes happen upon a horrible monster!



Quick! Tell us where we should go!

RUN!

Excuse me, do you have a hal pass?



AAAAHHHHHHH!

Quick! In here!

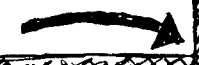
Well... ThAt depeNds a gool deal On whEre you wAnt to gEt to.

OH Thanks!

Oh hello. I guess I can let you guys hide in here if you need to



Do you think -you- could tell us the meaning of an IB diploma?



The Idiot's Guide to Success in The Global Economy

(© IE 2001)

NOTE: It would be illegal for a GOVERNMENT to do this... Therefore, you'd simply be doing the work for the large corporation of your choice.

Step 1: Find an Impoverished Nation.

Not hard to do, anymore. Just look for someplace that the USA isn't allied with OR killing yet.

Step 2: Enslave the People by Means of Using their Own Economic Hardships Against them.

Again, just about as easy as it gets. This can be done by supplying them with weapons instead of food, creating "overseas job placement" (AKA, sweatshops), or simply offering them pennies for risking their lives. They'll follow suit, inasmuch as they really don't have a choice... If the starvation caused by lack of money doesn't kill them, the malnourishment caused by the food you give them will. (The latter method of enslavement is considered the easiest, since, as we know, most Americans are pretty ignorant about the work offered outside their cubicle.)

Step 3: MAKE THEM WORK. (This is crucial.)

What good are slaves (or whatever your government wishes to call them... "Overseas Laborers" is gaining popularity.) if they don't work?? Need I say more? Figure out how to accomplish this on your own... **HINT:** Think along the lines of withholding food, or better yet, give food, but make sure it has the nutritional content of paste, only with more cholesterol.

Step 4: Find some rich Americans.

Could it get any easier? Wait... I seem to have forgotten, this is written for politicians. Okay, here's the plan (only read this if you ARE a politician running or hoping to run a successful domestic economy). You know those people you spend twelve-minute increments talking to? They're called lobbyists... Think of them as your brain and pocketbook. **NOTE:** This will only work if you allow them to have whatever they want, including, but not limited to, a license to kill. You probably do that anyway, eh?

Step 5 (this is the fun one!): Export, Export, Export!

Finally, you get to see the look of satisfaction when you tell your "laborers" that you've received an order. Despite what you've heard, six year olds love stitching, drilling is fun for the entire family, and hey, who doesn't enjoy a good day of forced logging? If your employees argue, they're just kidding. Either way, make them starve for it.

Step 6: Remember, domestic laws are in place to protect Americans, not everyone else. That's their own problem.

For most politicians, there is certainly a point where they get fed up with all these protesters, and take the "kill em all and let God sort em out" approach. In many cases, this is considered unethical. Remember, sweatshops are illegal in the USA. However, you made the laws, and you should know that this is as far as they go. Encourage your "foster corporation" to exploit children of any of the dumb ol' NON G-7 countries freely. I hear that watching a child suffer from iodine deficiency every morning can really soothe the nerves. When you're done watching him/her suffer, back to stitching things for Old Navy.

Idle hands make work of the devil, I believe.

Step 7: Create a culture.

For your sake, I hope you aren't from France... Those bastards think they can go around being "refined" and not doing what their TV says. Idiots. Everyone knows that true happiness is knowing that a seven year old Pakistani died to make your "Gap Athletic Wear", and by golly, that's the culture you take part in. When everyone else is brainwashed, it just wouldn't be hip to stay independent. Embed this in everyone's mind. Get rid of art subsidies. Support fast food. Sell your soul if it means you can sell some Nikes. And God Bless America.

Well, I think the meaning of IB is not absolute. It can be found in any moment you find yourself learning and growing. It can be observed when you find yourself engaged in dialogue with the world of ideas.

hours, days, months: the rags of time.

GAAAAH!!

neuron miss-fire

But I hate school! It must get better...

He means to say IB is non-teleological.

raspy voice Psssst.

There is no meaning to an IB diploma. You're lives are a waste. Muahaha!

WHAT!

Our heroes are replete with angst and self-loathing for having allowed themselves to be taken in by such a clever lie. All their work, for nothing. But then...

What's wrong children?

We're sad because we've done all this work to get our IB diplomas and now we discover that they're worth nothing. What should we do?

Be not so sad my children. What you have learned from IB is not dependent on whether or not you have the piece of paper. The value of the diploma is the amount you have given to receive it. The more you have worked and grown and improved, the more your diploma is worth. That is the secret of IB.

I can choose how much work I want to do.

So, I decide what the diploma is worth. Hmmmm... I'm going to get out of it, what I put into it.

The diploma is insignificant in comparison to the reward of self-improvement.

Hey guys? I know that this seems useless and all but, well, you know, it's like what are you going to do with yourself? How do you want to spend your life? What are you going to get and stuff? Hey guys? Guys?

THE



END



LOST & FOUND

It once was lost, but now is found.

the girl in the
1st row, 3rd
seat does not
match

FOUND: In Calculus Class

Text Reads: "the girl in the first row, second seat does not match"

Caution

Do Not Over Tighten Nuts

FOUND: By The Pottery Wheel

FOUND: In Chemistry

Text Reads: "Q) What's it called when soldiers on an army base only get one whore per month?

A) Base-tit-rations"

For the T or F part
If you put all T's
you will get half of
them right

FOUND: Team 'C'

Text Reads: "For the T or F-part if you put all T's you will get half of them right."
response: "or you just don't give a fuck if you get half of the fuckers right or not"

MORAL: DON'T LEAVE TRASH ON THE FLOOR!

you never make me brown I can't
believe you think I'm cool even though
I got like a fool. You really cool &
really nice we go together like soy & rice

FOUND: Unknown

RUSSIA AND CHINA

FOUND: Team 'B'
(excerpts from a paper receiving a 'B' grade)

In Russia most of the people who live there speak Russian

since they live in Russia. In China, unlike Russia the people there speak Chinese.

Russia is the richest country in the world.

Interesting

but could use more details

* CHUCK E. CHEESE'S * APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT

FOUND: In Mr. Cairn's Couch

application to work at Chuck E Cheese's
(punched full of holes)

IB DAMNED

and other reflections from this year's seniors.

system thinkers have given us a useful metaphor for a certain kind of human behavior in the phenomenon of the boiled frog.

"IB Kids are very religious... they all think they're god."

"Getting an IB diploma is just like reading Crime and Punishment. When you finally finish you have to say it was the best book you ever read or you feel pretty stupid."

"We are data bulimics- we swallow data and then spew it out for the test."

"What do you mean I don't get CAS hours for going to the bathroom? What kind of bull shit is this?"

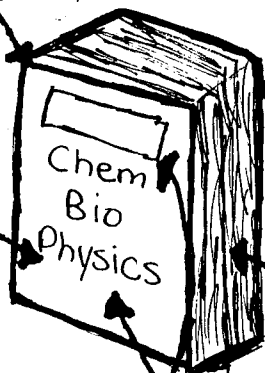
"I whine, therefore IB."

March 8 1:00 AM I know I should do
1000 cranes but this seems better. I
try to pep myself into thinking
IB is GOOD.

IB Therefore I BS

LSD woven into page fibers to
help encourage creative thought process

grids also aid meditation and
personal reflection



meaningless squares on
back cover create a sense
of order and rationality in a
chaotic universe

sturdy pages resist tearing even
in the most stressful moments

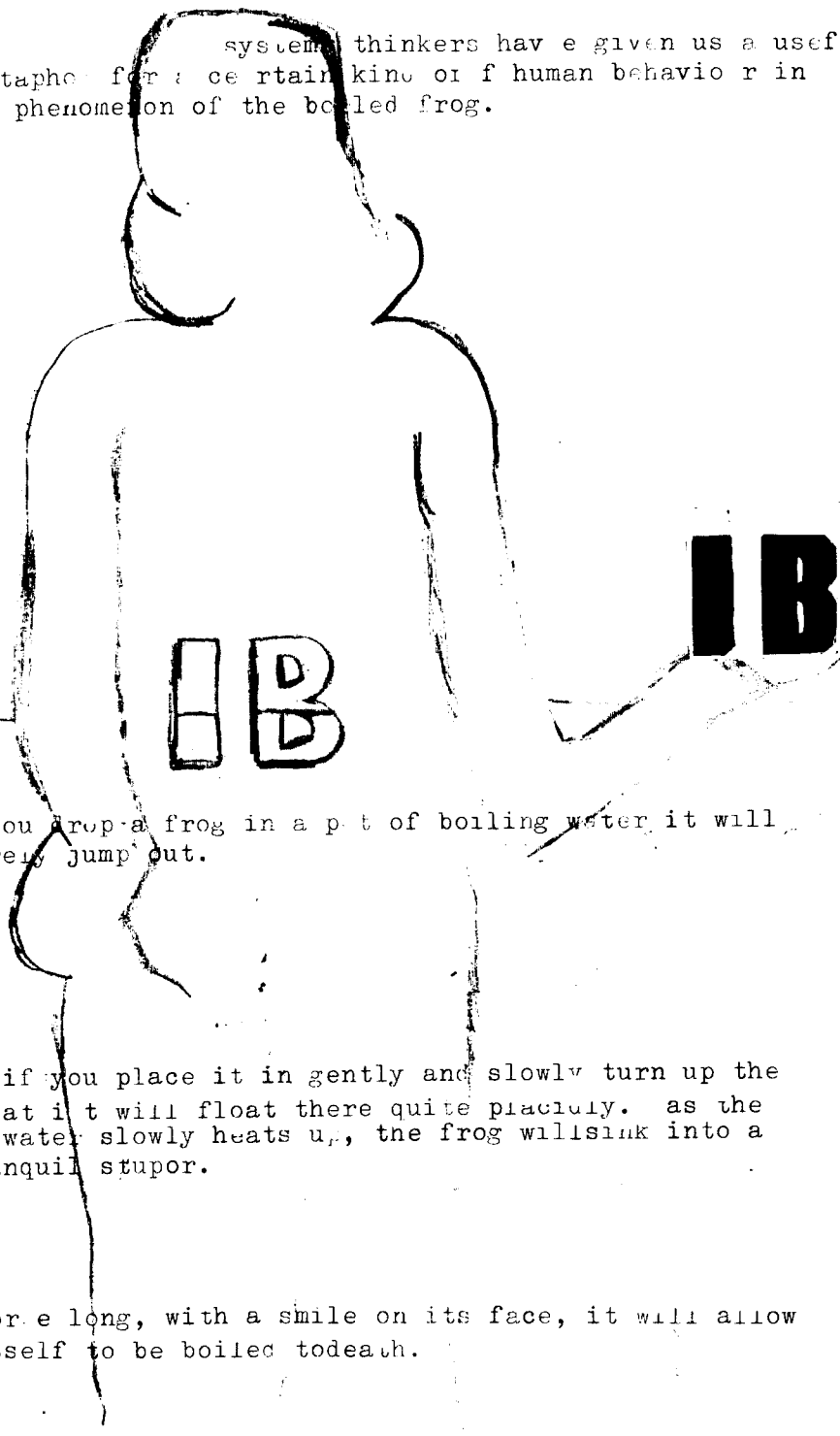
special area for your name and
phone number in case you
forget your identity

packets of speed hidden
in the front cover to help you get
that burst of energy to finish

if you drop a frog in a pot of boiling water it will
surely jump out.

but if you place it in gently and slowly turn up the
heat it will float there quite placidly. as the
water slowly heats up, the frog will sink into a
tranquil stupor.

before long, with a smile on its face, it will allow
itself to be boiled to death.



EXCERPT FROM HENRY FOSS DAILY BULLETIN, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 2001

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS AVAILABLE: Staff members are encouraged to come to the Willard Staff Resource Center from now until Tuesday, May 29, to select surplus library materials for use in their teaching assignments. Security guard is in on operation, will receive 10%. Bring ski masks.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOK SALE will be held at the Willard Staff Resource Center, May 30-June 1, from 1:00-4:00 pm. During the sale, staff, students, and parents may purchase books and materials for \$.35 each or 3 for \$1. All items for sale "donated" by Willard Staff Resource Center. Available 16mm films may be purchased for \$5 each. Grainy 8mm films are available in alley behind Willard, next to dumpster. See Dirty Eddie.

STAFF & STUDENTS:

THE GREAT SUNNY WEATHER IS HERE and it's time to have the "appropriate dress" talk. A reminder to those students who are not appropriately dressed for school may be sent back home to change.* Clothing that is not acceptable for an educational setting include:

Women:

Tops that expose the midriff or chest
Backless tops or dresses
Excessively short skirts/shorts
Slip dresses
Pajamas/slippers

Clothing that is acceptable for an educational setting include:

Women:

Tank tops
Unbuttoned shirts
Excessively short pants
Nighties
Absence of pants/shirts
"Invisible" clothing
Body paint
Total nudity

Stupid *Hot Topic* white print on black shirts sporting apathetic sayings taken from internet e-mail surveys

Men:

Tank tops
Unbuttoned shirts
Sleeveless tee shirts
Pajamas

Men:

Tops that expose the midriff or chest
Backless tops or dresses
Excessively short skirts/shorts/pants
Slippers
Absence of pants/shirts
"Invisible" clothing
Body paint
Total nudity

And as always, cross-dressing is subject to a \$5 per-day "don't ask don't tell" administration fee, payable to the suggestion box in the main office.

*note the incorrect grammar: perhaps a comment by the officials on the reading level of the type of student likely to be caught with incorrect attire

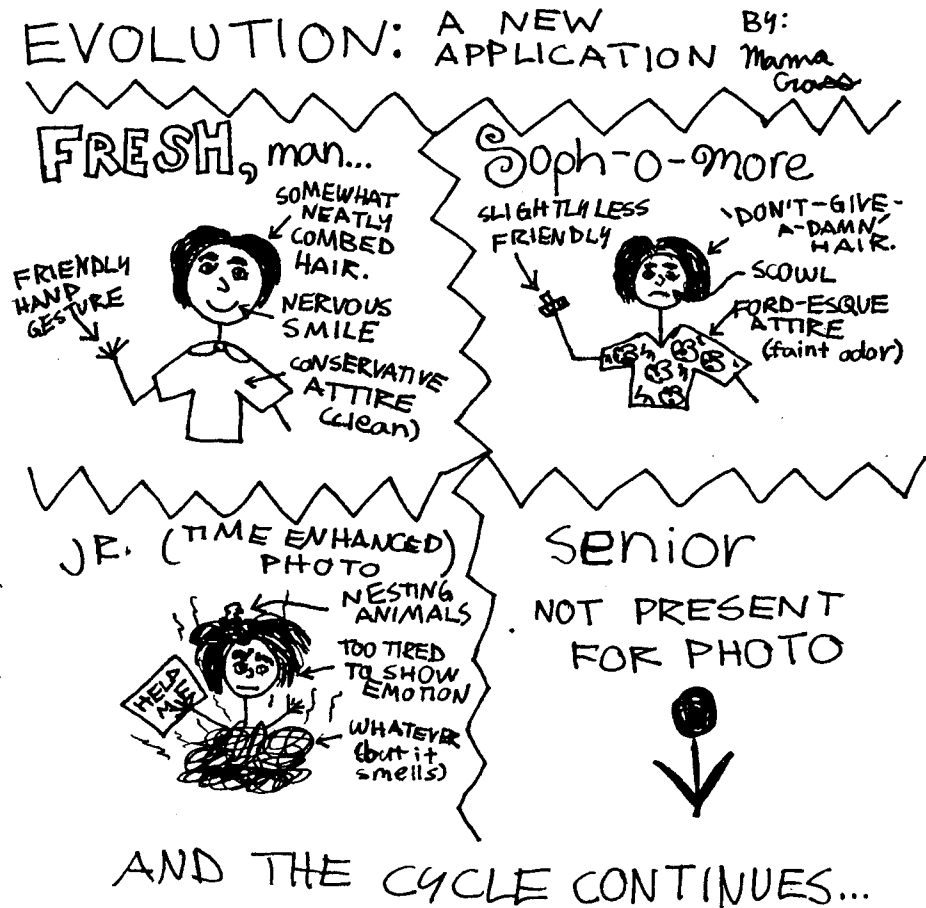
POLL QUESTION: What is the meaning of life? Or, if you will, 'the goal'? (pick one or more!) **CHOICES AND RESULTS**

- Indulgence, 4 votes, 4.76%
- Temperance, 1 votes, 1.19%
- (what do those mean?) Ignorance, 0 votes, 0.00%
- the Protestant Work Ethic, 0 votes, 0.00%
- 42, 3 votes, 3.57%
- the Asian Work Ethic, 1 votes, 1.19%
- Perfecting C Programming, 1 votes, 1.19%
- the Matrix is all..., 1 votes, 1.19%
- Humor, in stark defiance of the vacuous plurality around you, 10 votes, 11.90%
- the Phat Bass, 1 votes, 1.19%
- Overcoming the dreary auspices of the College Board, 1 votes, 1.19%
- Domestic Tranquility, 3 votes, 3.57%
- The hope that my children may be better than me...by whose criteria, I know not, 7 votes, 8.33%
- (notice that material wealth is not an option), 1 votes, 1.19%
- There is no goal in life, tis but a journey...and other cliched Weltanschauung, 3 votes, 3.57%
- Intrigue, 3 votes, 3.57%
- Adventure, 7 votes, 8.33%
- Social Research, 2 votes, 2.38%
- True Love, 10 votes, 11.90%
- Laziness, or my lack of spell check, 1 votes, 1.19%
- Art saves me, 4 votes, 4.76%
- But my life is a work of art already, 2 votes, 2.38%
- to leave the world a better place, 5 votes, 5.95%
- self-actualization, 8 votes, 9.52%
- to have a wicked fast car, 5 votes, 5.95%



When the word revolution is muttered in the midst of common society, it conjures up grim images of pain, suffering, and war. A war between two groups – whether they be the oppressed versus the oppressors, or simply the "good" fighting against the "bad", the meaning is simple: two rivals, one fighting to keep its beliefs and one fighting to impose its own.

Revolution can be fought on a much more personal level, however. The revolution that breaks the chains that hold down the minds of Americans (and others in the world) and fights for the survival of children in other countries can be fought through the simple means of individualism – non conformity and free thinking. More specifically, not buying into a plastic culture brought on by companies that oppress and governments that allow it. The conflict is here. By funding companies that kill, you are the oppressors. And economic enslavement is only one example of the atrocities that occur everyday. It's up to you. Where will the revolution of the 21st century be fought?



[illegible]